

40¢
©
201
FEB
02457

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

BATTLES THE UNDERWORLD ALONGSIDE...

THE PUNISHER

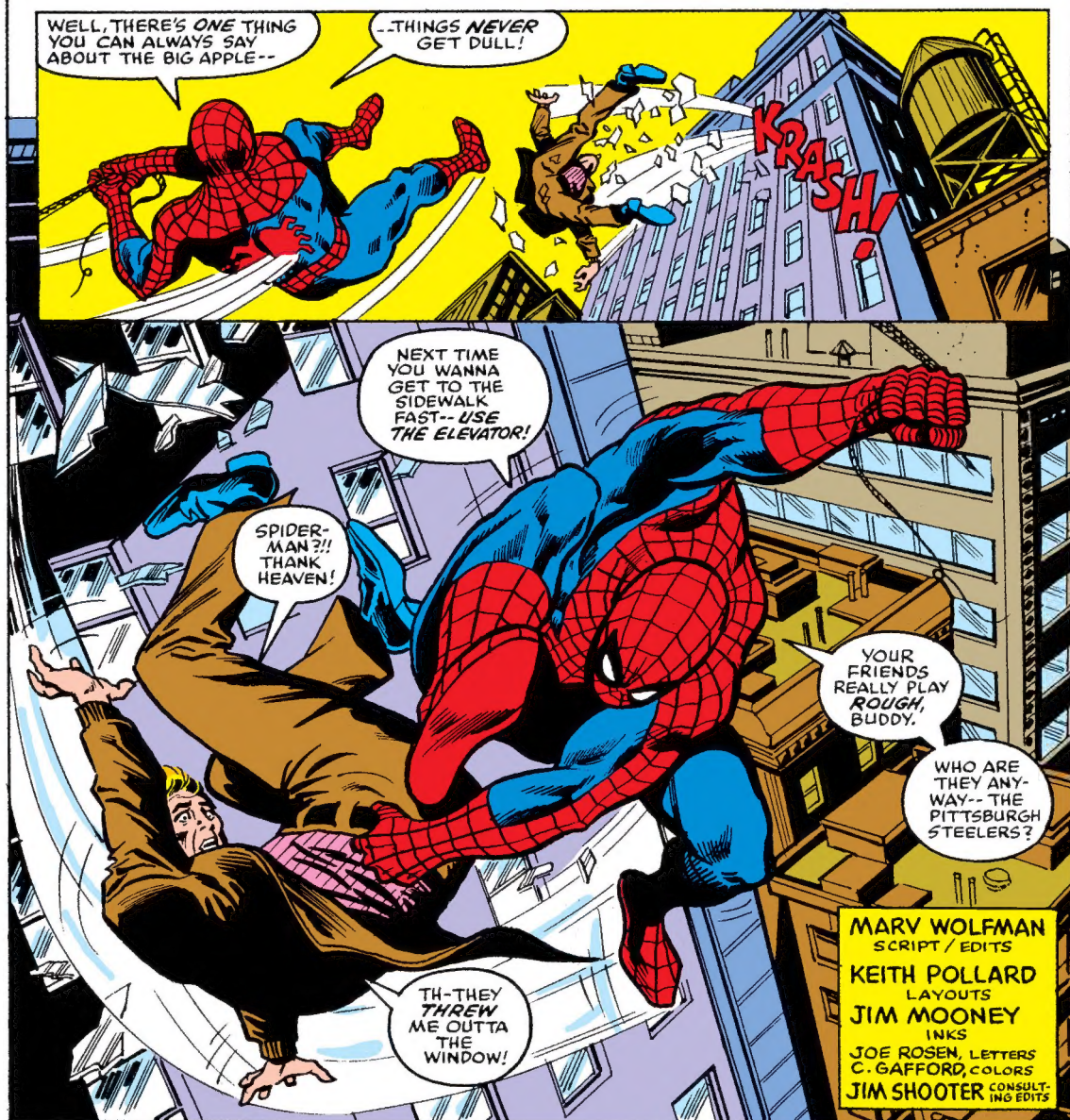


ROMITA+MCLEOD

While attending a demonstration in radiology, student PETER PARKER was bitten by a spider which had accidentally been exposed to RADIOACTIVE RAYS. Through a miracle of science, Peter soon found that he had GAINED the arachnid's powers... and had, in effect, become a human spider...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®**

MAN-HUNT!



WITH HIS PROTESTING BUNDLE FIRMLY IN HAND, THE WONDROUS WALL-CRAWLER WEB-SLINGS BACK THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDOW...

NO! DON'T BRING ME BACK INSIDE!

HOBOY! I CAN SEE WHY!

IT'S A BLOODY GANG WAR-- ONLY THE GUY MAKING LIKE A ONE-MAN SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE IS THE PUNISHER!

OUT OF MY LINE OF FIRE, WALL-CRAWLER!

I'M ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE-- THERE ISN'T A MOMENT EXTRA I CAN WASTE!

OH, NO-- IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

NOW WE GOT TWO CREEPS TO WASTE!

BAM BAM

ACTUALLY, HANDSOME, I WAS ONLY HERE TAKING IN A LITTLE SIGHT-SEEING--

EVEN AS SPIDEY LUNGES FORWARD, HIS HAND REACHES FOR HIS HIDDEN CAMERA, AND ATTACHES IT SECRETLY TO THE NEARBY WALL...

KRAK!

WOK!

--BUT SINCE YOU INVITED ME IN SO NICELY...

THUX

KRAK!

...I THINK I'LL JOIN THIS LITTLE BROUHAHA!

AFTER ALL, I COULD USE SOME EXERCISE THROWING AROUND A PAIR OF DUMBBELLS LIKE YOU!

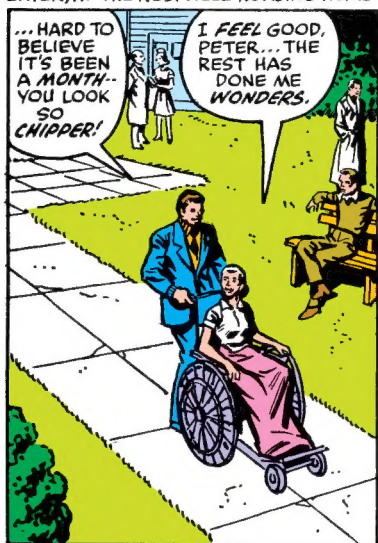
SPOK!

BAM

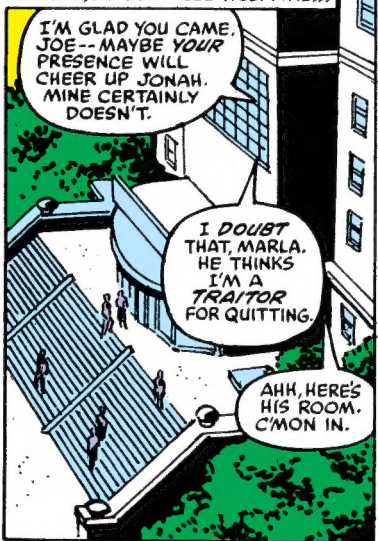
I DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP STOPPING THESE PUNKS--

--BUT YOUR ASSISTANCE IS WELCOME NONETHELESS!

LATER, AT THE RESTWELL NURSING HOME...



SHORTLY, AT BELLVILLE HOSPITAL...



AND, AFTER MARLA MADISON AND JOE ROBERTSON LEAVE...

DR. WALTERS, MR. JAMESON HAS HAD ANOTHER OUTBREAK, SIR.

DON'T PUSH ME, MISTER. DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

MR. JAMESON... WHAT AM I EVER GOING TO DO WITH YOU. YOU'RE UPSET. TING MY ENTIRE STAFF!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE MORE PATIENCE!

FOR THE \$300 A DAY I'M SHELLING OUT, I'LL DO ANYTHING I FEEL LIKE!

NOW, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO CONTINUE MY STORY?

IF WE'RE TO MAKE PROGRESS...

PROGRESS-- BALONEY! ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS MY MONEY!

GRUMBLE: WHERE WAS I? OH, YES-- I WAS SHACKLED TO THAT CREEP, SPIDER-MAN-- THERE WAS A BOMB BETWEEN OUR WRISTS, AND HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS!

WELL, I REACHED OVER TO RIP OFF HIS STUPID MASK TO SEE WHO HE IS--

---BUT THERE WAS THIS BIG, UGLY COP STANDING IN THE ALLEYWAY. HE DIDN'T SEE ME--

--BUT I COULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES-- THE COPS WANTED TO QUARANTINE US BOTH BECAUSE OF THAT BOMB. I PICKED UP THE WALL-CRAWLER AND CARRIED HIM AWAY. *

SPIDER-MAN! EVERYTIME I HEAR THAT NAME I HATE HIM EVEN MORE!

WHY? WHAT HAS HE EVER DONE TO--

HE'S COME TO GET ME!

CALM DOWN, MR. JAMESON-- THERE'S NO SPIDER-MAN HERE.

NO! NO! I TELL YOU-- HE'S AFTER ME. HE WANTS TO HURT ME!

PLEASE... LOOK FOR YOURSELF, SEE? NO ONE HERE.

*AS SHOWN IN SPIDER-MAN #192. --MARY.

LOOK! THERE HE IS-- HE'S AFTER ME!

NO! HE'S COME TO GET ME, AND YOU'RE IN ON IT. EVERYONE IS AFTER ME!

ORDERLIES--

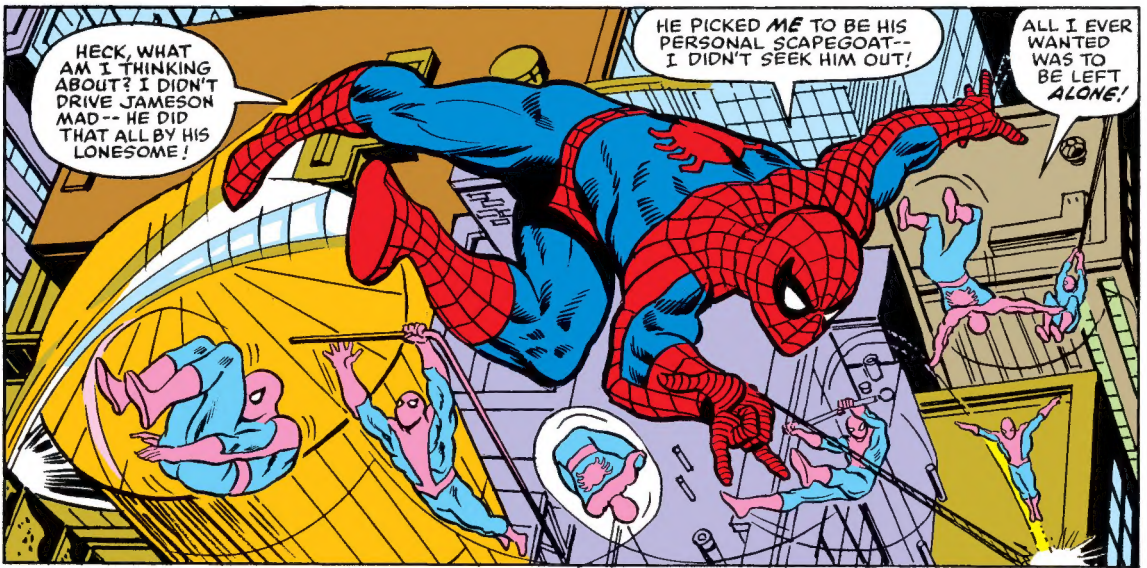
HA! THERE THEY GO... BUT THEY WON'T FIND ME.

I'LL GET OUT OF HERE-- AND THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND ME AGAIN... NOT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL...

WOW... ROBBIE WASN'T KIDDING... JJ'S POPPED HIS CORK!

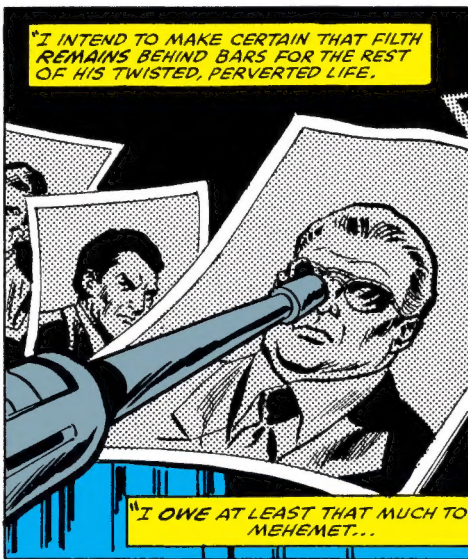
AND, I GUESS, I'M PARTIALLY TO BLAME!



"WAR JOURNAL
ENTRY NUMBER
518:



"SOMETIME TODAY
LORENZO JACOBI
WILL BE SPRUNG
FROM PRISON--



"I INTEND TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT FILTH
REMAINS BEHIND BARS FOR THE REST
OF HIS TWISTED, PERVERTED LIFE.

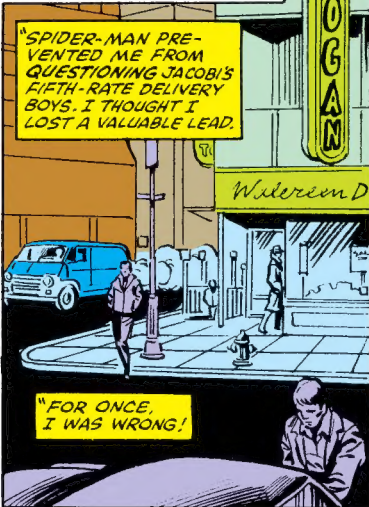
"I OWE AT LEAST THAT MUCH TO
MEHEMET..."

"...AND TO EVERY OTHER POOR, DELUDED
KID HIGH ON COKE AND POT.



"I MADE THAT
PROMISE YEARS
AGO. I INTEND
TO KEEP IT
TODAY!"

"WAR JOURNAL ENTRY
NUMBER 518-- CONTINUED:



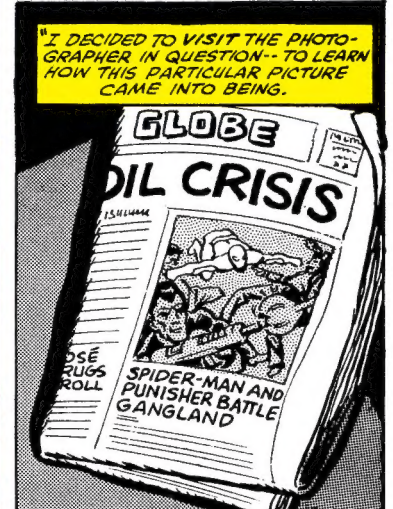
"SPIDER-MAN PRE-
VENTED ME FROM
QUESTIONING JACOBI'S
FIFTH-RATE DELIVERY
BOYS. I THOUGHT I
LOST A VALUABLE LEAD.

"FOR ONCE,
I WAS WRONG!"



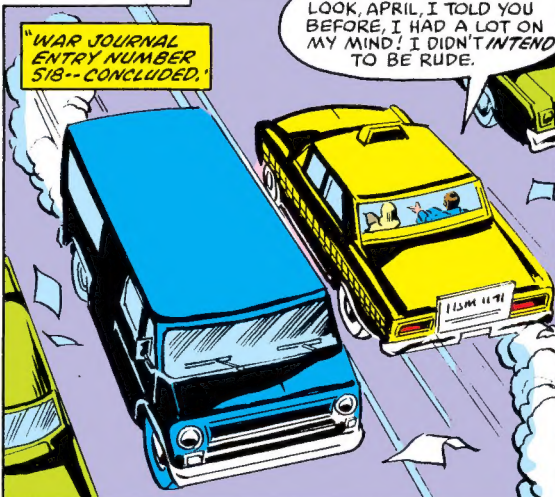
"A NEW LEAD PRESENTED ITSELF
IN THE MOST UNLIKELY OF PLACES...
THE FRONT PAGE OF A MAJOR
NEW YORK NEWSPAPER..."

"IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHERE
NO PHOTOGRAPHERS WERE PRESENT.



"I DECIDED TO VISIT THE PHOTO-
GRAPHER IN QUESTION-- TO LEARN
HOW THIS PARTICULAR PICTURE
CAME INTO BEING.

"AT THE MOMENT ALL MY HOPES ARE PINNED ON A MAN
NAMED PETER PARKER! I WOULD GET HIM TO TALK--ONE
WAY OR ANOTHER.



"WAR JOURNAL
ENTRY NUMBER
518-- CONCLUDED."

LOOK, APRIL, I TOLD YOU
BEFORE, I HAD A LOT ON
MY MIND! I DIDN'T INTEND
TO BE RUDE.

MAYBE NOT, PARKER, BUT
THIS RELATIONSHIP ISN'T
GETTING OFF ON THE
RIGHT FOOT.

I'VE BEEN WITH THE
GLOBE FOR AWHILE,
MISTER. ONE WORD
FROM ME, AND YOU'LL
BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.

OKAY, APRIL...
I GET THE
MESSAGE. HEY!
CABBIE-- PLEASE
PULL OVER-- I
THINK I SEE
SOMEONE I
KNOW.





HOLD ON, APRIL--
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

MARY
JANE!
IS THAT
YOU?

WELL, WELL--
AS I LIVE AND
BOOGIE! HI,
THERE, TIGER!



YOU'RE LOOKIN' GREAT,
M.J.-- REALLY GREAT!

SO, WHAT
ELSE IS
NEW?

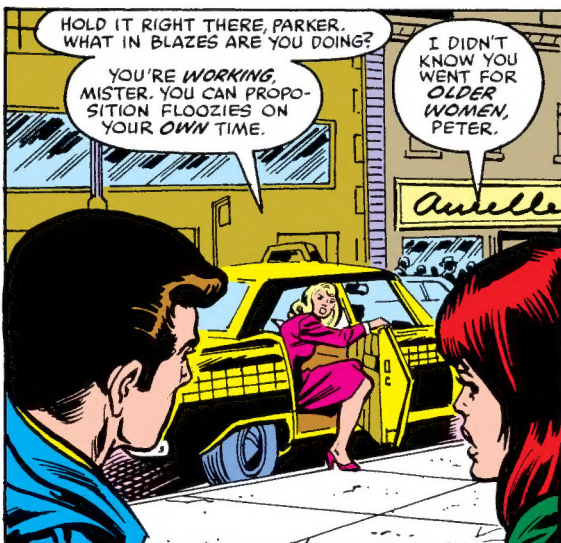


WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN
UP TO? I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU IN MONTHS.

LEADING THE
GLORIOUS
LIFE, MR. P--
WORKING
AT STUDIO
52!

YOU REALLY
LOOK HAPPY.
ARE YOU,
UHHH...
SEEING
ANYONE...?

ANYONE
AND EVERY-
ONE, BROWN-
EYES!



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PARKER.
WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU DOING?

YOU'RE WORKING,
MISTER. YOU CAN PROPO-
SITION FLOOZIES ON
YOUR OWN TIME.

I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU
WENT FOR
OLDER
WOMEN,
PETER.



OLDER, MY BUTT, CHICKIE! WHY DON'T YOU HOP DOWN
TO YOUR LITTLE DISCO OR WHATEVER AND BOOGIE
AWAY THE REST OF YOUR MIND!

TEMPER, TEMPER,
PRETTY LADY--
YOUR MAKE-UP
IS CRACKING!

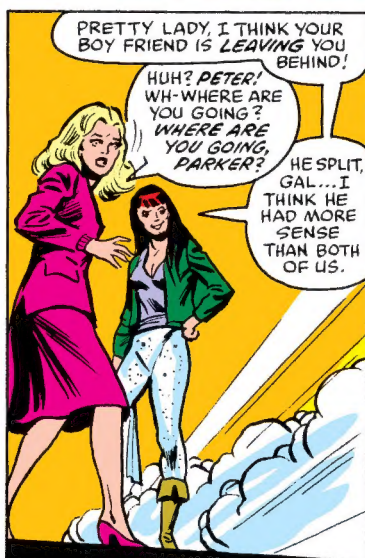
LADIES... APRIL...?
MARY JANE...?



LISTEN
HERE, HOT
STUFF, I--

CABBIE, I THINK
THIS IS MY CUE TO
SPLIT, MUNICIPAL
BUILDING-- AND
FAST!!

WHAT-
EVER
YA SAY,
MACK!



PRETTY LADY, I THINK YOUR
BOY FRIEND IS LEAVING YOU
BEHIND!

HUH? PETER!
WH-WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
PARKER?

HE SPLIT,
GAL... I
THINK HE
HAD MORE
SENSE
THAN BOTH
OF US.



IF YOU
WANNA
KEEP THAT
BROWN-
EYED HUNK,
YOU'RE
GONNA
HAVE TO
TRY A
LITTLE
HARDER.

KEEP HIM? I WANT
TO STRANGLE THAT
CREEP! THAT TWIRP!
THAT... THAT--

GRRR! I'LL
KILL HIM!!

"WAR JOURNAL
ENTRY NUM-
BER 519:



"PARKER'S
STUDIO
APARTMENT
REVEALS
LITTLE
OTHER THAN
SLOPPY HOUSE-
KEEPING."

"PAPERS ARE
UNFILED. BED
IS UNMADE."



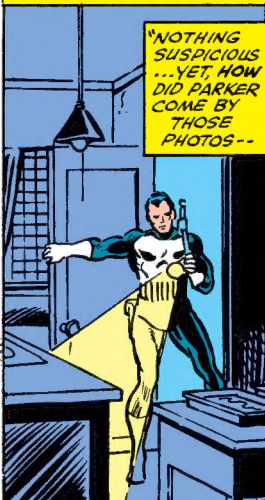
"NOTHING
SUSPICIOUS..."

"...EXCEPT FOR A
MINIATURIZED
SPIDER-SHAPED
TRANSMITTER
HIDDEN IN HIS
UNDERWEAR DRAWER."



"SCHOOL BOOKS INDICATE PARKER IS ALSO A PHYSICS STUDENT."

"DARKROOM/BATHROOM IS BATHED IN A RED SAFETY LIGHT, NEGATIVES AND PRINTS HANG FROM A JURY-RIGGED CLOTHES LINE."



"NOTHING
SUSPICIOUS
...YET, HOW
DID PARKER
COME BY
THOSE
PHOTOS--"

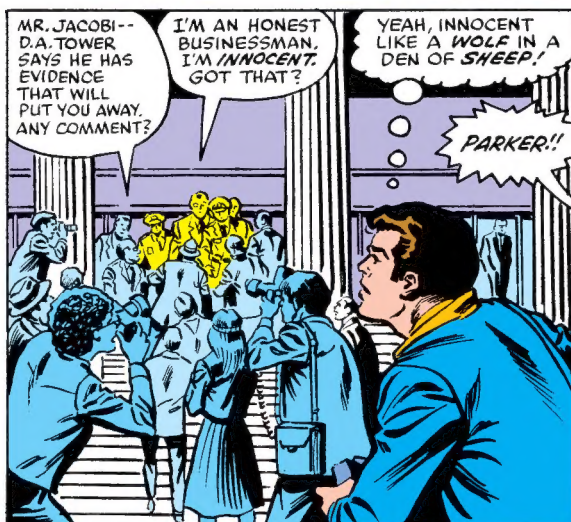
"--UNLESS HE IS SOMETHING
OTHER THAN WHAT HE
APPEARS TO BE."



"WAR JOURNAL ENTRY
NUMBER 519-- CONCLUDED."



CITY MUNICIPAL
COURT, AN ANXIOUS
THROGG GATHERS
BEFORE THE OLD,
GRAY MONOLITH
CONSTRUCTED
DURING JIMMY
WALKER'S MAYORAL
REIGN...



MR. JACOBI--
D.A. TOWER
SAYS HE HAS
EVIDENCE
THAT WILL
PUT YOU AWAY.
ANY COMMENT?

I'M AN HONEST
BUSINESSMAN.
I'M INNOCENT.
GOT THAT?

YEAH, INNOCENT
LIKE A WOLF IN A
DEN OF SHEEP!

PARKER!!



OH, HI, APRIL...
GLAD YOU
COULD MAKE
IT.

CAN THE BALONEY,
PARKER.



THERE ARE RUMORS
THE PUNISHER IS
AFTER YOU, MR.
JACOBI--

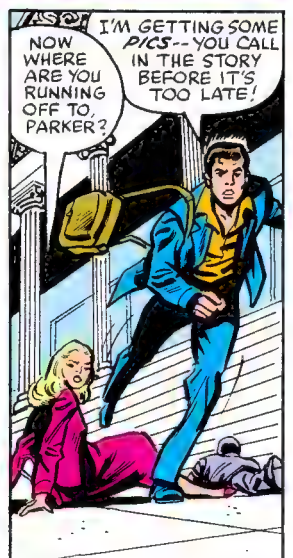
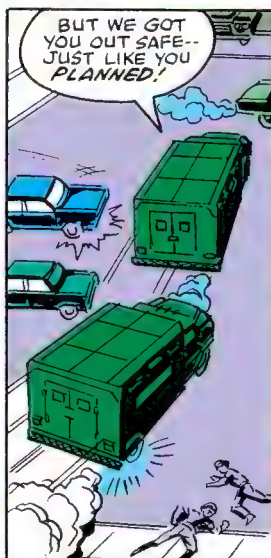
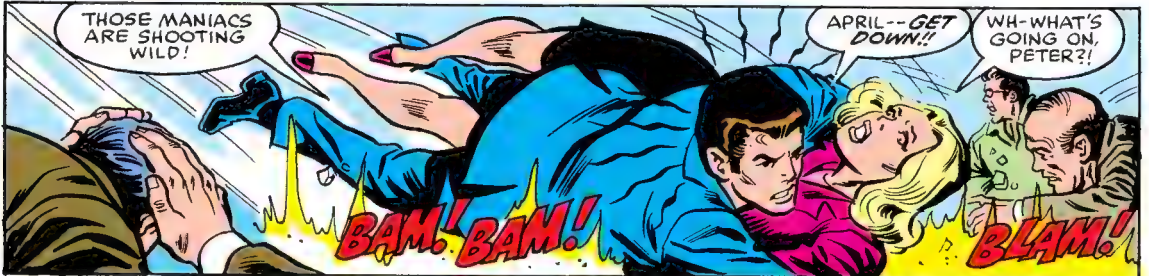
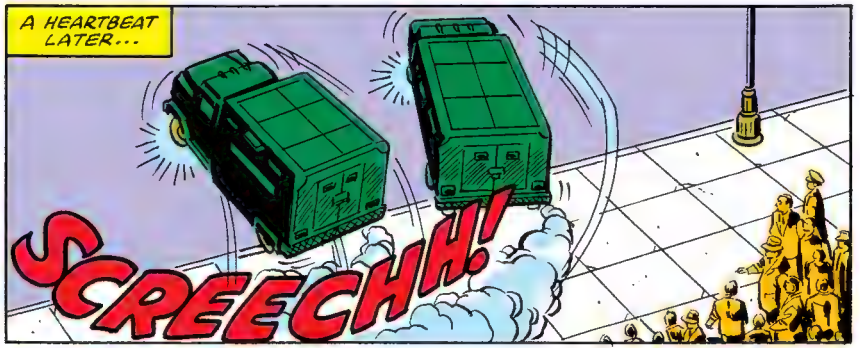
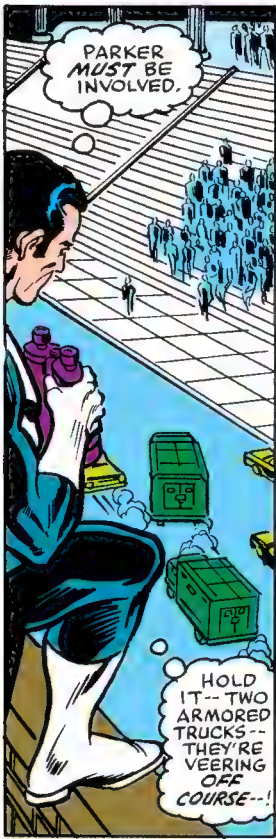
NO MORE QUESTIONS
...MAKE WAY...
MAKE WAY...

LISTEN HERE, MISTER PARKER,
YOU TRY THAT AGAIN, AND I'LL--



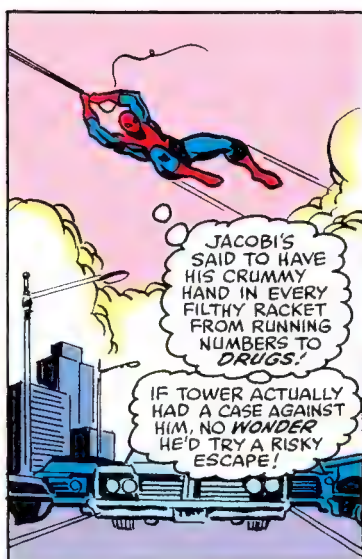
IF JACOBI IS TO BE
SPRUNG, NOW WOULD
BE THE TIME TO-- EH?

PARKER--
HERE?!!



BUT, A MOMENT
LATER...

DIDN'T HAVE TO
TELL APRIL THE PICS
I'M TAKING ARE
GONNA BE SNAPPED
BY YOUR FRIENDLY,
NEIGHBORHOOD
SPIDER-MAN!

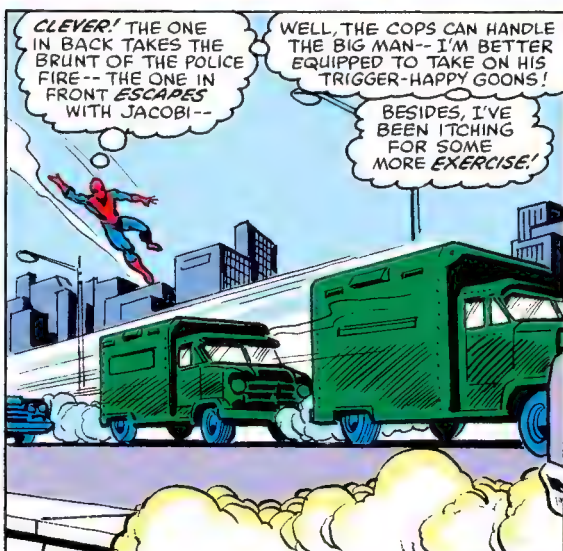


JACOBI'S
SAID TO HAVE
HIS CRUMMY
HAND IN EVERY
FILTHY RACKET
FROM RUNNING
NUMBERS TO
DRUGS!

IF TOWER ACTUALLY
HAD A CASE AGAINST
HIM, NO WONDER
HE'D TRY A RISKY
ESCAPE!



NOT THAT
HE'S GONNA
MAKE IT FAR!
THERE'S HIS
LITTLE WAGON
RIGHT NOW!



CLEVER! THE ONE
IN BACK TAKES THE
BRUNT OF THE POLICE
FIRE-- THE ONE IN
FRONT ESCAPES
WITH JACOBI--

WELL, THE COPS CAN HANDLE
THE BIG MAN-- I'M BETTER
EQUIPPED TO TAKE ON HIS
TRIGGER-HAPPY GOONS!

BESIDES, I'VE
BEEN ITCHING
FOR SOME
MORE EXERCISE!



KRUNCH!

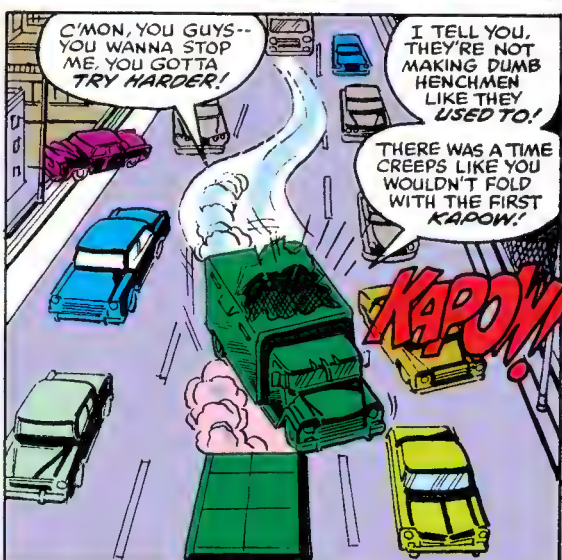
SPIDER-
MAN?

YOU WERE
EXPECTING
MORK FROM
ORK?



STOP HIM!
SHOOT HIM!
KILL HIM!!

WHAT IS THIS?
MULTIPLE
CHOICE?

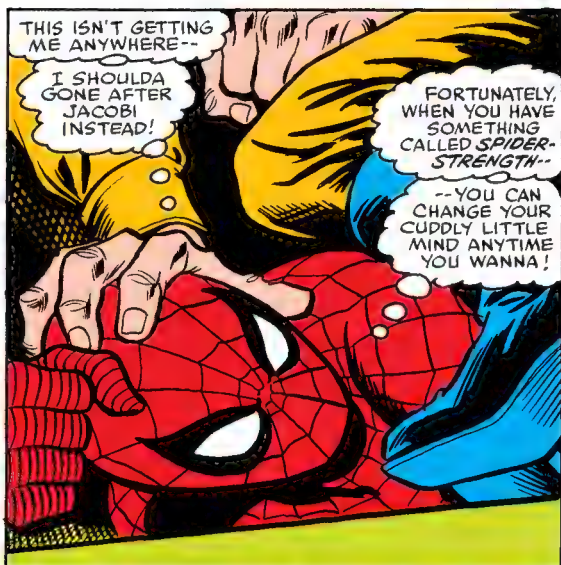


C'MON, YOU GUYS--
YOU WANNA STOP
ME, YOU GOTTA
TRY HARDER!

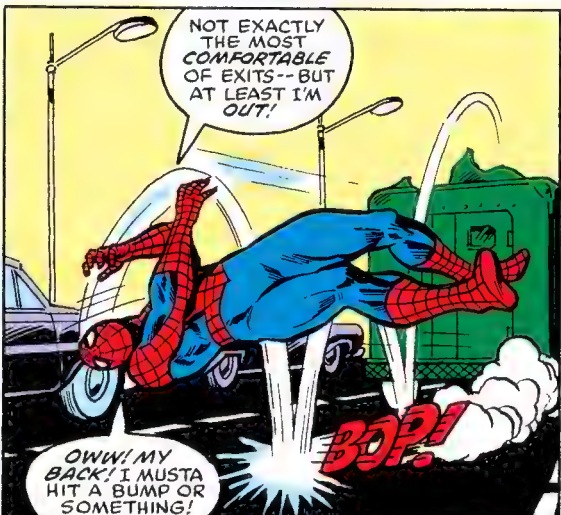
I TELL YOU,
THEY'RE NOT
MAKING DUMB
HENCHMEN
LIKE THEY
USED TO!

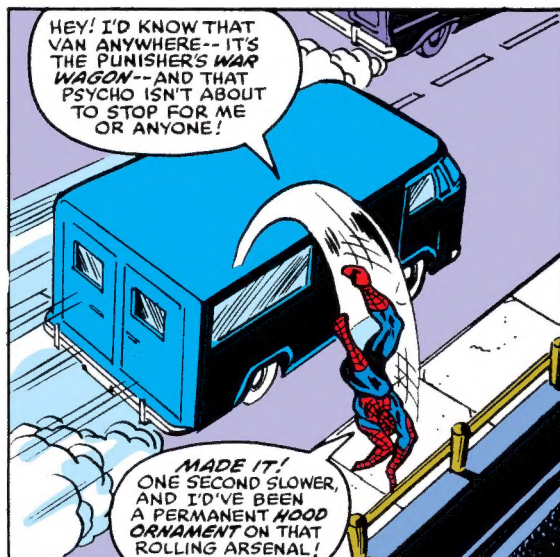
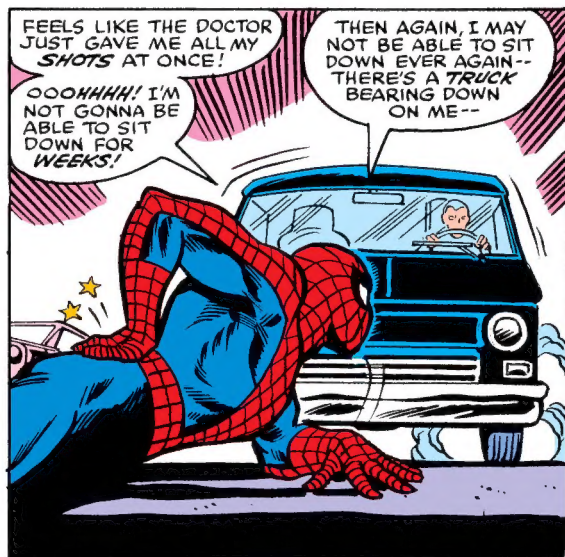
THERE WAS A TIME
CREEPS LIKE YOU
WOULDN'T FOLD
WITH THE FIRST
KAPOW!

KAPOW!

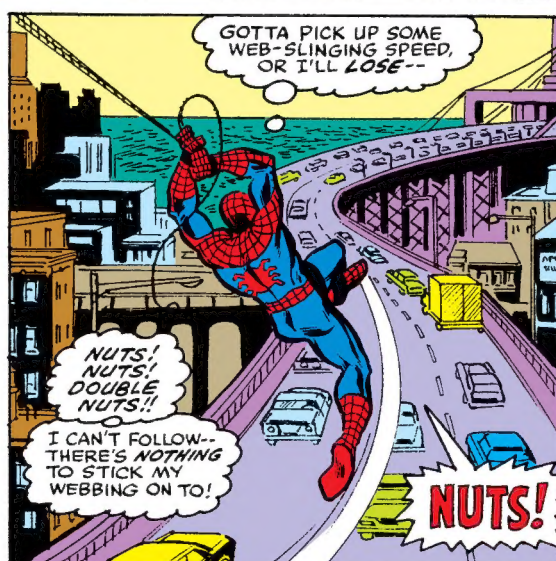
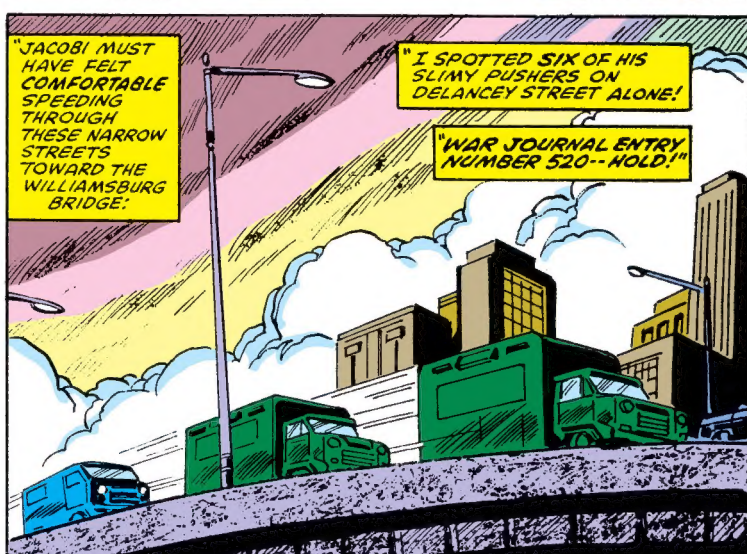
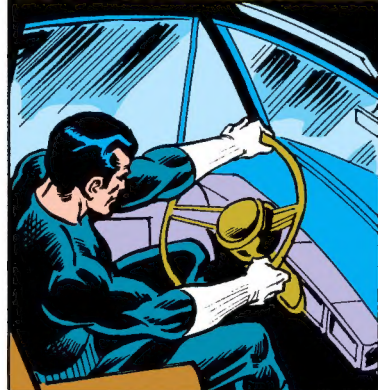


A MOMENT LATER, A RED AND BLUE BLUR EMERGES FROM THE SPEEDING TRUCK...





"WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 520: "MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE IS A DIRT-STREWN, GRIMY REMINDER OF ANOTHER DAY: PUSHCARTS LINE CROWDED STREETS, MIDDLE-AGED SALESMEN HAWK SHIRTS AND PANTS AT HALF THE PRICE OF UPTOWN RETAIL STORES."



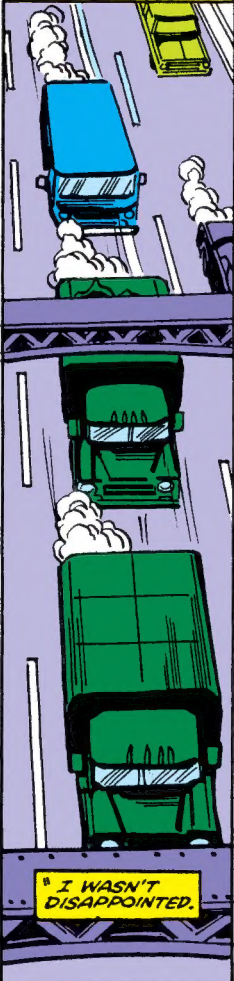


**WAR JOURNAL
ENTRY NUMBER
520-- CONTINUED:**

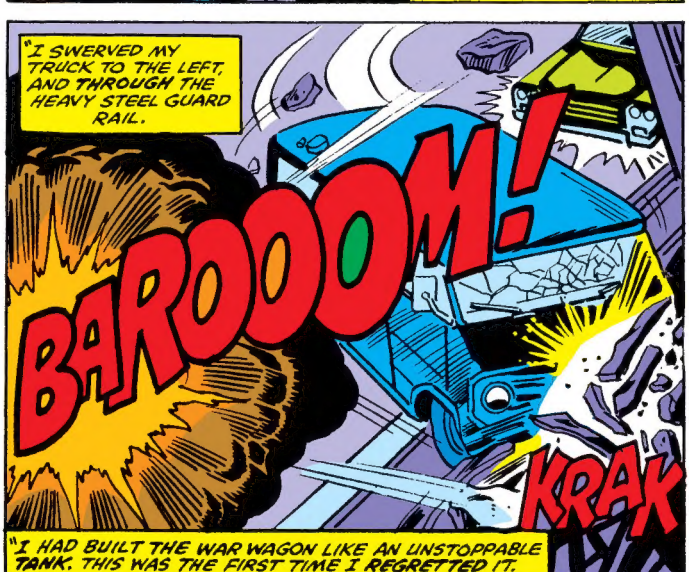
"THE D-TRAIN RATTLED THE ROADWAY BENEATH ME, BUT I WAS STILL ON JACOBI'S TAIL. FORTUNATELY, CITY TRAFFIC PREVENTED HIM FROM PULLING TOO FAR AWAY.



"UP AHEAD, THE BRIDGE FED INTO THE BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY. IF THEY WERE GOING TO LOSE ME, I EXPECTED THEM TO TAKE SOME ACTION NOW.



"FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, THE BACK DOOR OF THE LEAD TRUCK OPENED. I CONTEMPLATED OPENING FIRE, BUT THEN I REALIZED I WOULD NOT HAVE THE TIME--





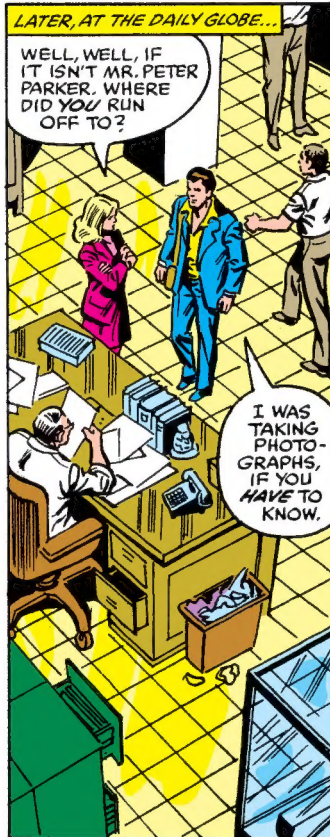
"THE WAR WAGON PLUNGED INTO THE BRACKISH WATERS FAR BELOW. WITH LUCK, I WOULD BE ABLE TO SALVAGE MOST OF THE COSTLY EQUIPMENT.

"BUT, IT WASN'T THE LOSS OF MY PRIZED WAGON THAT UPSET ME THE MOST."



"JACOBI HAD ESCAPED-- AND THAT MADE ME SEE BLOOD RED!"

"WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 520-- CONCLUDED."



LATER, AT THE DAILY GLOBE...

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MR. PETER PARKER. WHERE DID YOU RUN OFF TO?

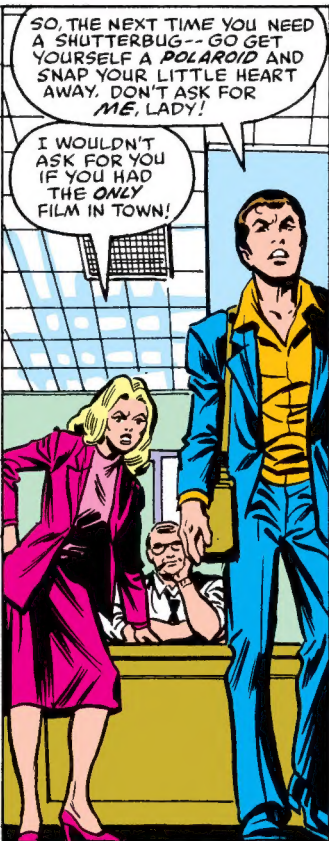
I WAS TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS, IF YOU HAVE TO KNOW.



YES, PARKER, I HAVE TO KNOW. YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO WORK WITH ME. REMEMBER, I'M THE REPORTER... YOU DO AS I SAY. GOT THAT?

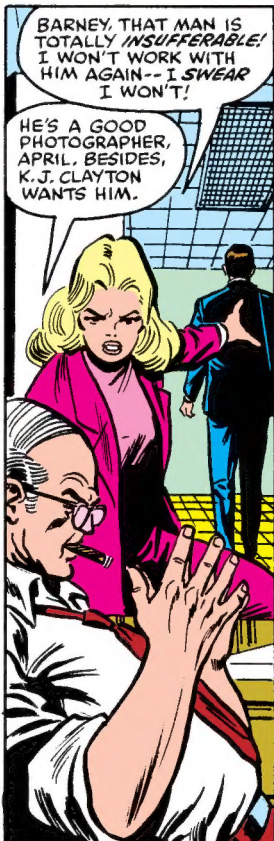
NO, I DON'T, LADY. I SIGNED UP AS A SALARIED FREE-LANCER! I DON'T TAKE ASSIGNMENTS.

I ACCEPTED THIS ONE ONLY AS A FAVOR TO BARNEY.



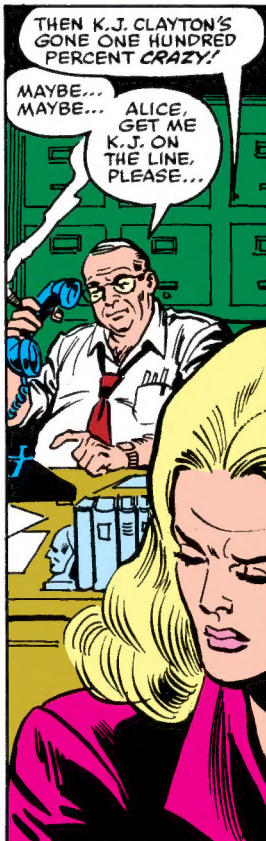
SO, THE NEXT TIME YOU NEED A SHUTTERBUG-- GO GET YOURSELF A POLAROID AND SNAP YOUR LITTLE HEART AWAY. DON'T ASK FOR ME, LADY!

I WOULDN'T ASK FOR YOU IF YOU HAD THE ONLY FILM IN TOWN!



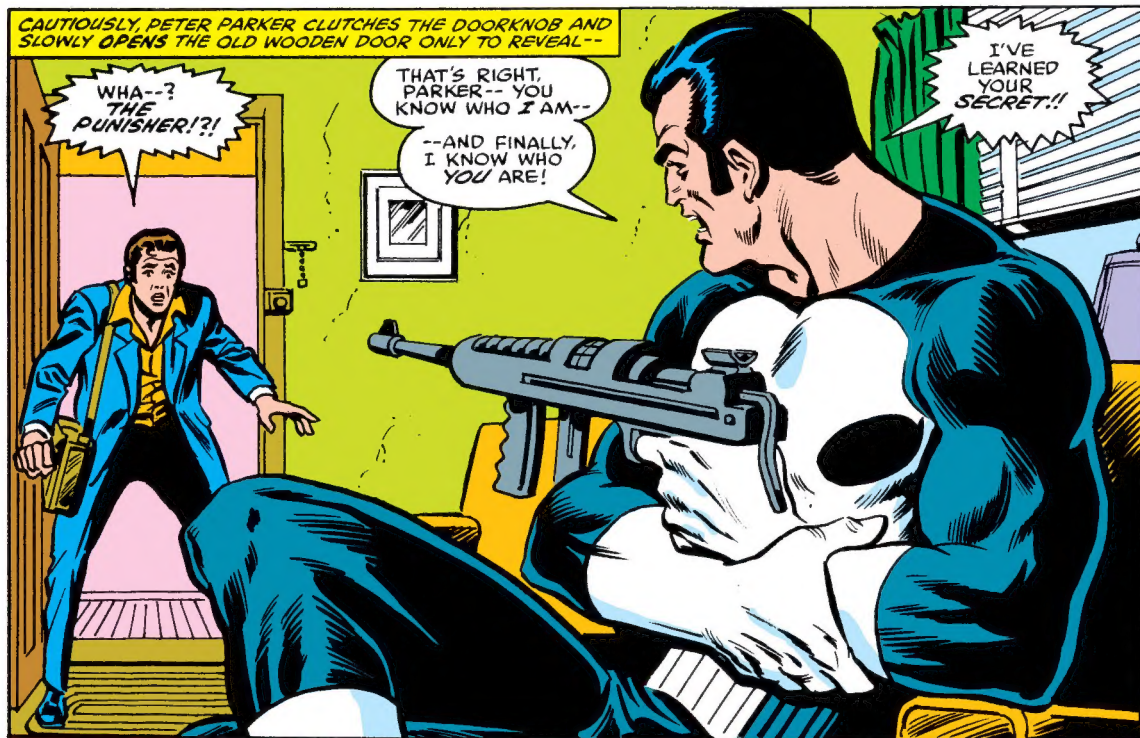
BARNEY, THAT MAN IS TOTALLY INSUFFERABLE! I WON'T WORK WITH HIM AGAIN-- I SWEAR I WON'T!

HE'S A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHER, APRIL. BESIDES, K.J. CLAYTON WANTS HIM.



THEN K.J. CLAYTON'S GONE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT CRAZY!

MAYBE... MAYBE... ALICE, GET ME K.J. ON THE LINE, PLEASE...



NEXT ISSUE **INTO THE DEPTHS!**